

RURAL REPOSITORY.

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No. 25.

"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The Trial.

(Continued.)

Had the alarm of Emma permitted her to reason coolly, she would at once have perceived, that the letter of her brother contained but a playful allusion to one of her's, which she had lately written, and in which she rallied him with having fallen in love with the beauties of the city; knowing, at the same time, that his affections were really engaged to a young lady, who resided not many miles from her father's house, and who had been her own companion and friend from childhood. But blinded by apprehensions for her brother, whom, she now learned, for the first time, had been in great and real danger, she could not dispel the impression that he was returning to his home to die; and running to her lover, with tears gushing from her eyes, and her voice faltering with emotion, she could only articulate, "cruel Edgar, you have murdered him, you have murdered my brother!" and fell insensible into his arms. On her recovery, she immediately left the house, commanding Edgar not to follow her, as he valued her regard; and directly after, the wheels of her carriage were heard descending the hill towards her father's dwelling. Slipping some money into the hands of the indigent widow, and promising to visit her shortly again, our hero pursued his ramble, dejected and comfortless, until the night and the approaching storm warned him to seek the shelter of his inn.

These were the occurrences that passed in review through his mind, while sitting, as we have described him, by the fire of his own apartment; and after having mused away the greater part of the night in fruitless regrets for the past, and in devising visionary schemes for the future, he at length returned to his bed, once more to court repose. He had fallen into an unquiet slumber, when the door was softly opened, and the landlord, accompanied by James and another person, entered the room. They proceeded quietly to examine the pockets of the sleeper, from one of which, James exultingly drew forth a pocket-book, which he at once recognized to be the property of his master. The landlord himself

made another discovery, equally fatal to his dreaming guest. The cloak, which had been thrown aside but a short time before, exhibited, on one end of its collar, a part of a clasp and chain, corresponding exactly, on comparison, with the fragment which the English servant had found on the spot where his master was robbed. But now as if heaven had interposed, to remove every possible doubt of the wretched man's guilt, the sleeper himself, probably disturbed by the noise of persons in his room, was heard to utter, "madman—fool! I have murdered him, I am a murderer!"

The landlord started and turned pale at this exclamation, surprised, perhaps, at finding his suspicions so amply corroborated; but James, on the contrary, anxious to have the ruffian, who had so nearly put a period to his master's life, placed, as soon as practicable, in the safe keeping of prison-walls, at once aroused Edgar Stanley from his bed.

"Awake!" he cried, "awake! you have murdered Captain Belton; and, if there is law in the land, you shall dearly answer for it."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed our hero, starting from his feverish sleep, "is he then dead?—yes, I am—I am guilty."

"Come, sir, you must dress quickly, and go along with us," answered James: "if he is not dead it is no fault of yours, I'll be sworn. You dealt him a blow that you thought would quiet him no doubt."

"Answer me, for heaven's sake," again intreated Edgar Stanley, "is Captain Belton dead? am I a murderer?"

"Oh! as for that," cried the attendant, who had not spoken before, "I'll be bound for it he's not the first man you've robbed and murdered."

"Robbed!" thundered out our hero, "who dares accuse me?"

"Accusation!" said the constable with a sneer, (for such was the office of the man who accompanied the landlord and James,) "I dare swear there was evidence enough, or Judge Roebuck wouldn't have committed you, and sent me after you at this time in the morning."

"Committed me! Judge Roebuck! Oh heavens! honour, love, life—all are lost!" It was thus that the unfortunate young man vented his feeling; then turning proudly to the officer, "I am your prisoner, sir, and ready to go with you whithersoever you please."

But a few minutes more went by before the company were mounted, and rapidly trotting down the road to the neighboring county town, the constable riding on one side, and James on the other of the unfortunate Edgar Stanley, while the landlord brought up the rear. The hoofs of their horses were still heard clattering over a little bridge about a quarter of a mile on their way, when Jack, and the old woman, who had been summoned from their beds unusually early, by the extraordinary stir in the house, entered the kitchen—

"Who would have thought it," sobbed Jack—"the kindest-hearted gentleman—why what do you think, aunt Betty, he paid every cent of widow Johnson's rent himself; and he told the Doctor to visit her often, until she was perfectly well, and he would settle the matter. And now just to think, that it was all a-coming out of his ill-gotten wealth! well, I'll never trust good looks again, as long as I live."

"Hush!" responded the old domestic, "there's no sartainty that he's the thief yet; and I won't believe it, till its proved as clear as preaching. Mark my words, Jack, he'll come off yet, like as gold tried in the fire; for the man that goes round comforting the widow and the orphan, is not the one to be a thief and a murderer. I'll go up into his room and put away his things, at any rate, and make every thing snug and comfortable against he comes back, for come back he will and that too with flying colours, I'll warrant you."

It was on a pleasant winter morning, about a week after the occurrences above related, that an unusually large crowd of persons was assembled round the door of the jail and court house of the county town of B——, and conspicuous among them, each surrounded by an eager groupe of listeners, were seen our three acquaintances of the inn, viz. the landlord, the old female domestic, and Jack, the hostler.

"I tell you what, neighbor Ashford," said one of the men, addressing himself to the landlord, "if I'd been in your place, I'd a gone straight to the rascal's bed, at once, and tied him down, neck and heels; for if he'd a-happened to overhear your plan of going to Judge Roebuck's, and getting Gripeum to come down with a warrant, he might have made clear tracks, and then you'd have been in a pretty box."

"Why, perhaps it would have been a good plan," said the landlord, "but what we did has answered very well."

"They say," resumed the one who had just spoken, "that he wouldn't have nothing to say to Lawyer Searchly, and is determined to put in a plea of guilty."

"He may as well," answered Ashford, "for the proofs are very strong against him. See, isn't that Captain Belton and his sister that have just stopped their gig at the 'Traveller's Rest'?"

"It is Miss Emma, sartain sure," said an old gray headed and rosy-cheeked farmer, whose half-unbuttoned linsey-woolsey coat and waistcoat showed that he heeded not the keen northern air, that had caused younger ones to seek the sunny side of the court-house.—"It is Miss Emma sure enough; but how pale and thin she looks, I hope there's no trouble lurking in her kind little heart; if any misfortune were to happen to her, I'm thinking there would be more tears in other folks eyes than in her own, and there's not a poor person within ten miles of the Judge's that wouldn't have real occasion to grieve. But there's my old friend Betty; I must go and beg a pinch of her snuff, for old acquaintance sake. Betty, my woman, how do ye?" said the farmer, taking her withered hand, "you've had sad doings down at the 'Indian Chief.'"

"Sad indeed," answered Betty, "but all will come right yet I hope, Mr. Donnelly."

"I hope so too, with all my heart," replied he, "but he's a very young man to be so hardened in iniquity. He has a mother, poor boy, very likely, whose old heart may break when she hears of his doings;" and a tear stood in the farmer's eye as he said so, for he himself had had a son, who, for a long time, led a dissipated life, and was finally killed in a tavern brawl.

"I tell you what, Mr. Donnelly," answered Betty, quickly, "you are wrong, and you are all wrong; you want to put down the poor young gentleman, because he's alone and unbefriended, but he's innocent, and let me tell you—but no matter"—and she suddenly paused—"I know what I know, and you'll all go home wiser than you came here, I reckon."

Here Betty indignantly broke from the crowd, incensed at their obstinately persisting in the belief of Mr. Summerville's guilt, and entering the court-house, took a seat in a corner, quietly to await the trial. It was not long before the court assembled, and Judge Roebuck, who was himself the Judge of that circuit, took his seat upon the bench. After the usual preliminary forms were gone through with, the "cause of the people vs. Edgar Summerville," (it being the only criminal cause on the docket) was called for trial.

The culprit was led into court between two officers; and, had not a strong impression, in the minds of nearly all, been created against him, by the almost unanswerable strength of the circumstances which rumour, had given publicity to, his appearance would certainly have operated much in his favor. His countenance, though pale and melancholy, possessed great manly beauty—he was tall and well formed; and his person evinced, that not even the gloom of his cell, nor the horrors of his situation, had prevented his attending to those little decencies of dress, a neglect of which, under any circumstances, is always disgusting,

When the crier had made proclamation that

the court was now open, and the stir and bustle, occasioned by the entering of the crowd, was somewhat subsided, the attorney on behalf of the people commenced reading the indictment. He had scarcely, however, finished three lines of the paper, when a violent exclamation of the prisoner drew the attention of all upon him. Pale as a marble statue, and with eyes nearly starting from their sockets he stood, for a moment, intently gazing on some one in the crowd; then, springing from the box, and uttering in a piercing tone, "Great Heaven, he lives!" in less than an instant he was locked in the embrace of Captain Belton.

So singular an event created general surprise; and the variable multitude, ever ready to change with changing circumstances, were now completely at a stand.

"Stanley, my friend, look up!" cried Captain Belton to the insensible form that was reclining on his bosom, "look up, I intreat—I am alive, and well, and ready to declare to all the world, that you have acted with the most perfect honour."

Slowly raising his head, the prisoner looked with a bewildered gaze on the assembly around him—then, as if suddenly recovering his recollection, he addressed himself to the Judge.

"I am arraigned at this tribunal to answer for the murder of Captain Belton, and Captain Belton stands alive before you. I demand my release."

The attorney on behalf of the people here interposed, assuring the Judge that the prisoner was altogether mistaken in supposing himself arraigned for murder; "it is for robbery, may it please your honor," he continued, "and if the officers will reconduct him to the box, and keep silence in the court, I will read to him the details of a charge, which, I fear, I shall be able but too fully to establish."

The officers, in compliance with this intimation, immediately laid hold of Stanley, and led him unresistingly to the prisoner's box, not, however, before Captain Belton found time to whisper in his ear a most perfect assurance of his innocence and honor, whatever might be the evidence against him.

The trial was then commenced, and continued without farther interruption. The indictment, setting forth, with the usual verbosity of law papers, the time, place, and circumstances of the robbery, was read in a clear, audible tone, and the prisoner entered a general plea, of not guilty. The first witness called was Captain Belton himself.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"I do."

"When did your acquaintance with him commence?"

"In Philadelphia, about four months ago."

"Will you please to relate to the court and jury what you know of him?"

"My acquaintance with Mr. Stanley was of less than a month's continuance, when it was

broken off, by a quarrel, in which I was the sole aggressor, and which terminated in a duel. Mr. Stanley acted throughout the affair in the most honorable manner."

"You did not see Mr. Summerville, or Mr. Stanley, (for it seems he has names at convenience,) from that time until he attacked you on the road, about ten miles from this place?" asked the lawyer.

"Pardon me, sir, I did not see Mr. Stanley from that time until I entered the court this morning; for I do not, by any means, believe that he was the person who robbed me. As for his variety of names, sir, I myself advised him to fly, that he might avoid the disagreeable consequences which would necessarily have ensued, had the wound I received proved mortal, and a change of name was a natural resource in such a dilemma."

"Was there nothing peculiar in the appearance of the robber that attracted your notice?"

"He was masked, and wore a large military cloak; of course I could see but little of his person."

"Was this the cloak you have reference to?" asked the attorney, producing the military cloak of Stanley, which we have had occasion to speak of before.

"It is either the same or very like it."

"Did you not resist the ruffian, and in a struggle tear a clasp from his dress?"

"I recollect the circumstance perfectly."

"You perceive, gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney, turning himself round to them with a knowing look, "that part of the clasp had been wrenched from the collar of this cloak. Captain Belton you may stand aside."

James Anderson, the servant of Captain Belton, was next called upon the stand. He answered in a clear and distinct manner all the questions put to him, giving to the court and jury that information, of which the reader is already possessed. He stated distinctly the words which he heard the prisoner utter in his sleep, on the night after the robbery, and exhibited the identical notes, which he had taken from the pocket of his coat, and which corresponded in number and amount with the list he himself had made previous to leaving Philadelphia, with the exception of two, which were missing. Those two had been paid to the landlord of the inn, he said, on that evening, and thus afforded a clue, which led to complete detection. As these circumstances were gradually developed, the favorable impression which the Captain's testimony had begun to awaken, faded away; and the hearers became more established than ever in the belief of the prisoner's guilt; except Betty, who, still persisted in his innocence, and who indeed pretended to see, in that expression of countenance, which all the rest considered as an evidence of the confusion of detected crime, no more than the natural surprise of one, who knowing himself guiltless, beholds such strong

circumstances arrayed against him. Be that as it may, it is very certain that our hero (we must still call him by that appellation, though proofs thicken around him) had certainly been amazed by the disclosures of the witnesses; and feeling that he should have to grapple with powerful odds, he thought it due to himself to solicit the court's permission to employ counsel, observing that this necessary measure would not have been deferred to so late a period, had he not been under the impression that he was indicted for murder, and to which charge thinking Captain Belton dead he had resolved to plead guilty. So reasonable a request was of course readily acceded to; and Mr. Searchly, in a short, confidential communication with the prisoner, received, as the only guide with which he could furnish him, a most solemn assurance of his entire innocence.

The landlord was the next witness called. His direct examination was ably conducted, was long, and minute, and resulted in an entire corroboration of what had been before stated by Captain Belton's servant. Mr. Searchly postponed his privilege of cross examination, but requested that the witness might not leave the court. Jack and the merchant, to whom he paid the note of fifty dollars, were next examined as to that fact, and proved the truth of the landlord's assertion. Jack was also called upon to identify the cloak which had been produced in evidence, but the prisoner rendered that unnecessary, by acknowledging it to be his own. The prosecution here rested the cause, leaving a firm persuasion on almost every mind, of the guilt of the unfortunate prisoner; and Mr. Searchly himself was half inclined to give up the cause in despair. (*Concluded in our next*)

The Ringlet.

A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, in the neat little parlour of Mr. Percy, one cool evening in November, and Helen, with a choice party of young friends, formed an agreeable little circle around it. Helen Percy was not what the *world* would call handsome—that is, she did not possess regular features; had neither black nor blue eyes—tresses waving gracefully over her shoulders—nor a skin quite as white as the new fallen snow; but then there *was* beauty in her face; and a beauty that was worth *all* these—it consisted of *expression*. The feelings of a good and benevolent heart aided by the grace of a pure and well cultivated mind, cast a lustre over a face that could boast of no other accomplishment, and sure none other was necessary to render it interesting. But Helen's most powerful charm was in her conversation—often sprightly, and always sensible and pleasing, it rendered her even a most engaging companion.

It was generally known among her acquaintances that she was betrothed to a young

navy officer who was then and had been nearly two years, absent in the United States' service, and who was now daily expected home. Helen was anxious for his arrival, not for the gratification of her own affectionate feelings alone, but the tale of scandal had gone forth, and she wished its course arrested.

—An amiable and worthy young man was in the habit of visiting at the house of Mr. Percy; he knew of Helen's engagement, and his visits to the family were prompted by friendship alone;—but others thought differently; persons were surprised that in the absence of Clarence Lee, she should sanction the addresses of another; it was dishonorable thus to traffic with his feelings—in short, she was in their eyes, a most heartless coquette. Helen knew these whispers were around her, but she knew also she was wronged; she despised the petty artifices of those who would construe every friendly feeling into accepted love—and she was resolved it should not be the means of depriving her of a friendship so valuable as that of the innocent mover of it all.

I remarked that a small group were assembled round the fire-side of Mr. Percy's house, and on this occasion a stranger was seated among them, who had entered with the company, and yet appeared to be unknown to all; a profusion of light hair fell over his forehead and cheeks, which were also shaded by large mustachios, and he wore a pair of green spectacles over his eyes.

The little party were gay and lively as usual, but there was a sudden stillness in the room, when the stranger, holding in his hand a ringlet of dark brown hair, tremulously asked a lady next him if that was not a pretty tress.

"It certainly is," was the reply, "and a favorite memento, I presume."

"It was taken, madam, from the bosom of an officer, a friend of mine, who fell from on board one of the United States vessels during a cruise; his body was happily recovered, but—

"May I inquire his name?" interrupted Helen, in breathless haste, and unconsciously rising from her chair.

"His name was Clarence Lee."

"And lost over"—the words died upon her lips, and she sunk back insensible on her seat. The stranger started from his chair, threw off his green spectacles, mustachios, and light hair, and in an instant the metamorphosed Clarence Lee was leaning over her chair, and endeavoring to recall her to animation, by repeatedly pronouncing her name in his own natural voice. Helen at length recovered, cast round a bewildered glance, and scarcely imagined she was in existence, when she beheld her lover by her side.

"Am I not dreaming?" said she reviving.

"I should hope not," said Clarence, seizing her hand, and eagerly pressing it to his bosom. "I have put thy faith to a sad trial, Hel-

en, but wilt thou not forgive me when I tell thee I was cruelly deceived by others?—they told me thou wert *false* to me, Helen; but this pledge of thy affections, (again displaying the ringlet) proves their words false, not thee, and that I meet the same fond, faithful heart I left two years ago."

It is needless to remark, that the stratagem was readily forgiven, and that Helen, soon after, at the altar of hymen, gave herself as a pledge of her love and faith, to Clarence Lee.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Letters to a Friend.

NO. IX.

Youngstown, (N. Y.) May 24, 1826.

MY DEAR W.—We this morning left St. Catharines, and after a very pleasant ride of twelve or thirteen miles, found ourselves in the village of Niagara, formerly Newark. The weather, which had for several days, been excessively warm, had been moderated by a shower in the course of the preceding night, and the air rendered cool and refreshing. Every object seemed to have felt the enlivening change. The fields looked fresh and pleasant; the forest trees had assumed a hue of deeper green; (for although thus early in the season, yet the heat of the weather had been equal to mid-summer:—there had not been any rain for about one month.)

Soon after reaching Niagara, we hastened to visit the fort and battle ground, which were rendered conspicuous by the events of the last war. The fort has mostly gone to decay, and is now left in the care of a couple of soldiers, and the battle ground has undergone so many alterations, that the stranger, were he not told of the scenes which had once been known here, would hardly have guessed them. There are indeed a few hillocks and mounds remaining; and a stone church stands in the enclosure, which during the war was used for a hospital.

Once the loud cannon peal'd o'er you blue wave
And died in echoes on the distant shore,
And where the eye now meets the mossy grave,
Once the poor soldier fell enwrapt in gore,
Which from each deep cut wound was seen to pour.
Ah! on this field the clash of arms was heard,
And many mortals fell to rise no more,
With no kind friend to hear their dying word,
And naught above their heads but the lone carrion bird!

While walking near the river we beheld an old war-worn man, seated upon its bank engaged in fishing. His appearance was respectable, although his clothes wore the mark of extreme poverty, and there was a beaming of intelligence and goodness in his countenance which interested us greatly in his favour. We seated ourselves by his side, and entered into conversation with him; and before we parted he related to us some of the principal events

of his life. He had been an inhabitant of this place something like twenty years, and had amassed a small fortune, which rendered his situation comfortable and happy. But in the course of last war, his wife was murdered, his house burned over her head; and a son, an only son, was found among the slain upon the field of battle. As he was relating his sorrows,

"O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread;
Such as fools say become not men to shed."*

I could not but feel a degree of sympathy for this old gentleman, and reflect more fully upon the dangers, the disasters, and the horrors of war. He had been bereft of all he held most dear in life, and now looked forward with impatience to that moment when his eyes would close in death.

The town of Niagara, is very pleasantly situated at the entrance of the river Niagara into lake Ontario, and almost fronting the fort of the same name on the American side. It was commenced in 1796, and had increased to about two hundred houses, including a church, court house, and other public buildings, which were nearly all destroyed by the Americans on the 10th of December, 1813. It has since been re-built, and much improved in appearance, but it wants a degree of public spirit to give it life and bustle.

Proceeding to the lower ferry we were soon borne across the river to Fort Niagara, which is situated on a commanding situation, at its mouth. The forces which have been stationed here ever since the war, were removed a few days since, and are now on their passage to Green Bay, leaving but one invalid soldier to keep the fort in order, and take charge of the light-house. This gives it the appearance of solitude. We passed through several of the buildings, most of which were in good repair.

Not far to the south we perceived a small grave-yard, in which were buried many of the officers and soldiers who fell in the neighbourhood of the fort. It is surrounded by a white fence, and wears the appearance of neatness. (On entering it, (for, to me it is a source of melancholy pleasure to visit such a place,) we hastened to a small marble monument surrounded by a white fence, above which waved the branches of a weeping willow. The tree was fading, and its wilting leaves, as they trembled over the grave, seemed to add to the solemnity of the scene. The marble bore the following inscription:—

"Ici repose
Marie Vincent Brisaubin—
Lieutenant et adjutant
dans le Regiment
d'Artillerie legere
des Etats Unis decede
au fort George
le 13 Aout 1813,
a l'age de 22 ans.

Ami fidele fils tendue et sincere—
Comment vous course leu d'une perte si severe!"

* Bloomfield.

After transcribing the above, I added the following lines :—

In a strange land he sunk to rest,
And foreign mould is on his breast,
And strangers seek his mossy grave,
To mourn the exit of the brave,
And view the drooping willow's leaf,
Which seems to bear a mark of grief;
And as the breeze re-echoes
Across the distant wave
It seems to chant a mournful dirge
Above the fallen brave.

And though no kindred clos'd his eye,
Nor heard his last, his farewell sigh,
Yet oft will strangers bow the knee
Beside the fading willow-tree,
And oft bedew with tears of woe
The spot where he is lying low;
And as they rise in sadness,
To leave the soldier's grave,
They'll chant a slow and solemn air
Above the fallen brave.

A few steps from this is another neat marble monument, also surrounded by a white fence, over which waves a flourishing willow, inscribed to the memory of Col. John Christie, who died at Lewiston in 1813.

Leaving this place, after coming about a mile we arrived at Youngstown, which is a very indifferent place. It contains but few houses, and its streets appear almost deserted. We intend to leave this village in the morning for York, U. C. Adieu,

HENRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FROM THE VERMONT PATRIOT AND STATE GAZETTE.

William, said my friend, would you relish a walk? 'tis a fine evening, and brings to my recollection the pleasant scenes we enjoyed while attending the academy at S.—I replied in the affirmative, and we commenced our walk. It was a pleasant evening in the month of June, and nature seemed arrayed in her richest dress. We left the village and wandered leisurely through the fields; evening had now spread her dusky mantle over the face of nature—the stars were glittering with their brightest splendor—the moon shone in full lustre—the busy hum of the village was now lost, and the sound of the murmuring brook and distant water-fall were but faintly heard. We enjoyed the beauties of the evening, and after ruminating upon the romantic scenes before us, and recounting the various frolics of our younger years, and mutually inquiring after the gay companions of our youthful sports many of whom for a long time we had not seen. William said my friend, do you remember George S. I do, I quickly replied, I well remember him, he was a youth of rare talents, and one of the most pleasant companions I ever knew; but since he left College I have not heard of him—if I mistake not he entered upon the

study of Law, but in what part of the country he is settled I know not. Alas! replied my friend he never completed his professional studies; I will tell you his story—it is short but pitiful; you know he was fond of the social glass, and his favorite motto was, "Let's take the glass and banish sorrow." But that social glass has proved his ruin. Soon after leaving College he entered upon the study of law, and continued in it two years; during that time, he formed an acquaintance with a young lady, in the village where he resided. She was gay and accomplished, she was handsome and eminently possessed the power to

"Call round her laughing eyes in playful turns

"The glance that brightens, and the smile that burns."

She had permitted his addresses, and had fascinated the tender powers of his soul, till all his hopes of happiness centered in her affections. She then threw off the mask and coldly spurned him from her confidence telling him that his attentions were wholly untimely and improper, for that her heart, had long been engaged to another. This declaration burst upon the mental powers of George like a sudden and tremendous clap of thunder on the still and solemn silence of night. The highly finished scene of pleasure and future prosperity which his ardent imagination had painted, vanished in a moment; the bright scenes of happiness which gilded his youthful horizon now faded in an instant, and the sun of his early hopes had set in darkness? He made no effort to calm the raging of his anguished soul; instead of calling in the aid of cold philosophy, he now in earnest sought for that glass which he had so often sportively, and in thoughtless innocence proclaimed the "banisher of sorrow." And he who was once the pride of all his friends, the ornament of society, the tender friend, the gay and lively classmate now wanders the wretched victim of *Intemperance*.

The Flower Forget-me-not.

Mills, in his work upon chivalry, (says Mr. Ellis,) mentions, that the beautiful little flower called *Forget-me-not*, was known in England as early as the time of Edward IV.; and, in a note, he gives the following pretty incident in explanation of the name: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden discovered some flowers of the *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and, swimming to the spot, cropped the wished-for plant—but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement; and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he said, *forget me not*, and was buried in the water."

A Chinese Jest.

A man who was accustomed to deal in the marvellous, told a country cousin of his that he had three great curiosities in his house; an ox that could go 300 miles a day, a cock that told the hour of the night, and a dog that could read in a superior manner. Says the cousin, "these are extraordinary things indeed! I must call upon you, and beg a sight of them." The liar returns home and tells his wife what had happened, saying he had got into a scrape, and did not know how to extricate himself. "Oh, never mind," says she, "I can manage it." The next day the countryman called, and inquiring after his cousin, is told he was that morning gone off to Pekin. "And what time is he expected back?" "In seven or eight days." "How can he return so quick?" "He's gone off upon our ox." "Apropos, of that," continues the guest, "I am told that you have a cock that marks the hour." A cock happened just then to crow. "Yes, that's he; he not only tells the hour of the night, but reports when a stranger comes." "Then your dog, that reads books! might I beg to borrow a sight of him?" "Why to speak the truth, as our circumstances are but narrow, we have sent the dog out to keep a school."

Root and Branch.—Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of the family meetings she drank all their healths, adding, what a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from the old root; but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. Why, then, madam, said he, I was thinking how much more all the *branches* would flourish if the old *root* were under ground!

An Odd Compliment.—A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara—"To sustain it successfully," said she, "a person should be both young and handsome."—"Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter, "you are a complete proof to the contrary."

Anecdote of Curran.—An Irish Peccress whom Mr. Curran visited shortly after the death of her husband appeared inconsolable for the loss of her bosom's lord.—After Mr. Curran had expressed his compliments of condolence, the lady shewed him a miniature portrait of her noble consort, that was suspended to a chain of gold, which she wore round her neck. "Oh! Mr. Curran," said she, "is not that the very image of my dear T." "Yes, my lady replied the wit, "but I am sorry to see him *hung in chains so near the place of execution.*"

SUMMARY.

New Post Offices.—In the town of Richmond, Ontario co. N. Y. by the name of West Richmond, John Dixon, P. M.—In the town of Washington, Dutchess co. N. Y. by the name of Lithgow, Elan Northrop, P. M. Sacondaga, P. O. in Montgomery co. is changed to Northville.—Mill-Village P. O. in Greene co. has been altered to Leeds.—In the southwest part of Canajoharie, Montgomery co. by the name of Salt Springville P. O. Abraham Elwood, P. M.—At New Fairfield, Ct. Selah Barnum, P. M.—At Millplain in the upper part of Ridgefield, Ct. E. Birchard, P. M.—At Kinney's 4 Corners, Oswego co. N. Y.—In Gorham, by the name of Central Gorham, M. Loveland, P. M.

The London Packet, Capt. Mackay, arrived at this port on Tuesday, has brought out the Statue of Washington, by Chantrey, for this city.—*Boston Spectator.*

Life of Napoleon.—The London Literary Gazette announces, that the two last volumes (7th and 8th) of this work, by Scott, will be published the last of this month.

A new work, entitled "Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts," is about to be published by the author of Redwood.

MARRIED,

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Henry Hart, of Hudson, to Miss Elizabeth Ostrander of Columbia Ville.

On Thursday the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sickles, Mr. Stephen Kline, of Hudson, to Miss Julia Ann Travis, of Columbia Ville.

At Poughkeepsie on the 20th ult. by the Rev. John Reed, Mr. Joseph J. Waldron, merchant, to Miss Julia Ann, daughter of Wm. T. Beldon, Esq.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th ult. Margaret, daughter of Campbell Bushnell, Esq.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. Hepsibeth Shattuck, consort of Mr. Solomon Shattuck, aged 30.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Henry P. Yager, aged 75 years.

On the 6th inst. Miss Harriet Bunker, aged 7 years, daughter of Mr. David Bunker.

At Athens, on the 24th ult. Martha S. Barnard, aged 42, a highly distinguished member of the Society of Friends.

No fear dwelt on her placid brow,

Meekness and hope were bright display'd

Faith spread her pinions broader now,

When ghastly Death was full array'd.

Tho' firm his grasp, a Saviour's power

She knew would soon dissolve his chain;

His triumphs are but one brief hour,

Compar'd with Heaven's eternal reign.

With all confiding joy and peace,

She view'd Immanuel her friend;

And felt his love could ne'er decrease—

Who all our devious steps attend.

Yet friends must weep when virtue dies,

The last long sigh, how short we breathe!

Tho' Heaven has thrown its portals high,

For one like her we still must grieve.

Not that we doubt her soul is there,

Forbid a thought my God so strange!

Where spirits pure as viewless air,

With seraphs spotless ever range.

No clouds deface the azure sky,

Nor friends, for kindred bosom mourn:

Affliction's tears forever dry,

No aged sire weeps there forlorn.

There Jesus wears a pearly crown,

The olive banner's wide unfurl'd;

And glory sheds its rays around

His sacred form, that sav'd a world.—*Com.*



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE MAID TO HER INCONSTANT LOVER.

Away!—you'll deceive not
Again with your smile;
For I can believe not
Thy bosom of guile:—
The heart that can smother
A deed black as thine,
May go to another,
And I'll not repine.
I'd trust to the ocean,
When waves roll along
In the wildest commotion,
And list to the song
Which oft echoes sadly
In midst of the sea,
Ere I would turn madly
And listen to thee.
Yes! go—and if ever
The chances are thine
O think not to sever
A bosom like mine;
But while thou art stealing
In midst of its glee,
O think of the feeling
You've witness'd from me. **HENRY.**

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. THE MOOR'S FAITH PRESERVED.

Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
Thou'st slain mine only son;
Yet hast thou eat with me, to-day,
And thou must hasten on.
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
Thy life is in my hand—
I give it thee—but hence, away,
And seek a distant land.
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
I would not, thou shouldst die;
'Tis not for me to bid thee stay
Then fly thee, Christian fly!
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
Death's ministers are near;
They only wait the dawn of day,
Thou must not linger here.
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
Thine is my fleetest steed—
Whilst night doth cover thee, away,
Thy life is on thy speed.
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
To die thou hast deserved;
But, thanks to Alla! none can say,
My Faith is not preserved.
Oh Christian, speed thee on thy way!—
A sunny spot 'twill be,
On mem'ry's page, thro' life's dull day;
That I've been true to thee. **EDITH.**

FROM THE BOSTON SPECTATOR. TO ———.

Oh! Lady, I have wandered far,
And oft beneath the trembling star
Of eve, when through the liquid sky
The moon in solemn majesty

Sailed silent on; and nature spread
A carpet meet for beauty's tread!
And zephyrs gently fanned her cheek,
And kissed her lip, as if to seek
The mellowed sounds of life and song
Which flowed unconscious from her tongue.
Oh! oft at that subduing hour
I've breathless felt the hallowed power
Of woman's eye; and heard her note
Of soft inspiring music, float
In soothing echoes o'er the scene,
And I have gazed upon her mein,
And oh! I've thought there could not be
Again such sensibility—
Such mental grace, life, music, mirth,
Possessed by any child of earth.

* * * * *
Ungenerous thought!—oft when we gaze
Upon the last departing rays,
Of summer sun-set's golden light
Or muse on some delicious night,
When Heaven's burning orbs appear
To light our darksome journey here—
We gaze upon the sun-set dyes,
And think—or seem to think—the skies
Can ne'er again such tints display;
We muse upon the moon's pure ray,
And think she never wore a dress
Of so much light and loveliness!—
Onward flies the wing of Time;
Again we view the sun's decline,
And oh, it seems more lovely now!—
Again we muse on Cynthia's brow,
And think we ne'er before had seen
Such lustre on her silvery mien.

'Twas thus with me; but oh, thy strain
Hath woke to life the slumbering chain
Of feeling's seat!—'twas such that stole,
In former days, o'er my young soul,
Yet 'tis, methinks, more wildly clear,
And flows more sweetly on the ear.
Lady, adieu!—for oh, 'twere wrong
Thus to pursue a selfish lay;
Fancy shall oft rehearse thy song,
And memory's pencil oft portray
Each thrill of sensibility. **ROSCREA.**

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Thought.

PUZZLE II.—Lady-slipper.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
A ship at sea being short of provision it was agreed by the crew that half of them should die, hoping thereby that the other half should be saved. The crew consisted of thirty men—fifteen Turks and fifteen Christians. How shall the Captain place them, that by taking every ninth man all the Turks shall be thrown overboard, and the Christians preserved?

II.
I am a dangerous gift, and once caused a ten years' war—yet am prized by many far above riches, and will often command them.

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